

To the Court and [REDACTED] Father:

Never in a million years would I imagine that I would be standing in Washington DC addressing a federal court and you Kevin on what you have done to our daughter.

I will never understand and I am sure I will never have the answers I am looking for as why you did this to [REDACTED]. It became obvious during the 802 days you kept [REDACTED] away from her Mommy that you hated me and hated my country. So I understand why you did this to me, but not to [REDACTED].

For six years prior to you taking [REDACTED] I truly believed in my heart you loved [REDACTED] and would never place her in harm's way. I never worried about her weekends with you as I truly believed you would take a bullet for our daughter.

Obviously my hell began when you decided not to return Mari back to me and the United States. My hell and I use the word hell because no other word describes what you did to [REDACTED] and I. When you threatened to sell [REDACTED] on the black market I knew I had entered hell. The vial things you said to me and about me didn't faze me as I quickly learned you weren't the man I thought you were. What I will never be able to wrap my heart and brain around is that a Father who for six years prior claimed to love his daughter could turn around and tell me, "I will kill [REDACTED] I will kill her before I would send her back to the United States, do you hear me – I will Kill her and send her body in a box back to you."

Unfortunately I will never be able to get those vial words out of my head as they continue to haunt me daily. For that you can claim a victory.

My hell is nothing to the hell you put and placed [REDACTED] in. You allowed [REDACTED] and I approximately 1 hour and 78 minutes to converse over 2 ½ years. Only to have the conversations monitored by you and for you to tell [REDACTED] and I what we could and couldn't say. After rescuing [REDACTED] in Istanbul I now know why those conversations were monitored. You were afraid that [REDACTED] would tell me about the beatings and how you and your new wife were torturing her. [REDACTED] started talking about her life in Iran with you once she was safe in Istanbul. I bet you wondered why the authorities wouldn't let you near [REDACTED] in Turkey- now you know. After your threats to kill her I begged them not to let you near her and she started talking.

Did that make you feel strong, brave; a real man that you could take a 6 year old American girl and beat her with your belt on the bottom of her feet so bad that when she got home she still was running on the sides of her feet? Did you feel intelligent when you smothered her face with your hand until she couldn't breathe and she had to kick you until you stopped? Did it make you feel grand when you locked the door to the bedroom so you could beat her and no one could stop you then? Did it give you a rush to pick her up by the throat and choke her until a neighbor lady stopped you? Only to have you tell



██████ "don't think this is over!" Did you really think by telling her on the train to Istanbul – "don't tell anyone I beat you – I will get in trouble" that you were in power?

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The two people in ██████ world she trusted the most failed her. I failed her as her Mother by trusting you and believing that the only person that could possible love ██████ as much as I do would be her father. I failed her by believing that you would take a bullet for your daughter. I failed her by believing you wanted her to meet her Iranian family and that you would return her. I will live with my failures forever.

You failed her Kevin by lying to her about the trip to Iran, you failed her by placing her in a threatening environment because she is American. Allowing her classmates to sing to her "Death to America and Death to ██████" and telling her it is true is a failure you cause her. You failed her Kevin as a father when you started to physically harm her. Every beating you gave her – you failed her. By changing her name in Iran – you failed her. Your failure list goes on and on concerning ██████

The biggest failure is one you will never understand, or probably care. You took a little's girl's Mommy away from her and tried to make her hate her Mommy because her Mommy was American. Little did you know the hatred you were trying to make ██████ have – didn't work, ██████ learned very quickly how to answer you, to please you, so the beatings wouldn't happen and she knew her Mommy.

Can you imagine as a parent Kevin how your heart would break when your daughter tells you that once when she was left alone in Mashad she cut her finger hoping she would bleed to death so she could go to heaven, because she knew one day she would see her Mommy again. She tells how she stopped cutting herself because she said she heard my voice telling her not to do it and she thought Mommy wouldn't want me to do this.

My heart breaks every second of every day knowing what her life was like in Iran with you. The one person she should have been able to count on other than her Mommy was her Baba.

Kevin, No sentence of time can ever fix what you did to ██████ No sentence of time can replace the years ██████ and I lost. No sentence of time will ever be long enough to make me understand how the one person I thought loved my daughter as much as I did – didn't!

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To the Court: No sentence of time can ever fix what ██████ Father did to her. No sentence of time can replace the years ██████ and I lost. No sentence of time will ever be long enough to make me understand how the one person I thought loved my daughter as much as I did – didn't!

I feel sorry for your soul Kevin.